

He shall not heare thee, or from *Casars* Campe,  
Say I am none of thine.

*Ant.* What sayest thou?

*Sold.* Sir he is with *Cesar*.

*Eros.* Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has, not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sol.* Most certaine.

*Ant.* Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,  
Detaine no lot I charge thee: write to him,  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;  
Say, that I with he never finde more cause  
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue  
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

*Flourish.* Enter *Agrippa*, *Cesar*, with *Enobarbus*,  
and *Dollabella*.

*Ces.* Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:  
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:

Make it so knowne.

*Agrip.* *Cesar*, I shall.

*Cesar.* The time of vniuersall peace is neere:  
Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world  
Shall beare the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mes.* *Anthony* is come into the Field.

*Ces.* Go charge *Agrippa*,

Plant those that haue revolted in the Van,  
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury  
Vpon himselfe. *Exeunt*

*Enob.* *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Leury* on  
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did dissuade  
Great *Herod* to incline him selfe to *Cesar*,  
And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,  
*Cesar* hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the rest  
That fell away, haue entertainment, but  
No honourable trust: I haue done ill,  
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,  
That I will ioy no more.

Enter a Soldier of *Casars*.

*Sol.* *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with  
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now  
Vnloading of his Mules.

*Eno.* I giue it you.

*Sol.* Mocke not *Enobarbus*,

I tell you true: Best you fast the bringer  
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,  
Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor  
Continues still a Loue. *Exit*

*Enob.* I am alone the Villaine of the earth,  
And feeble I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,  
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed  
My better seruice, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,  
If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane  
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele  
I fight against thee: No I will go seeke  
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foult'st best fits  
My latter part of life. *Exit*

*Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.*

Enter *Agrippa*.

*Agrip.* Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:  
*Cesar* himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit*

*Alarums.*

Enter *Anthony*, and *Scarrus* wounded.

*Scar.* O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,  
Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home  
With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound heere that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retyre.

*Scar.* Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet  
Roome for six scotches more. *Exeunt*

Enter *Eros*.

*Eros.* They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues  
For a faire victory.

*Scar.* Let vs score their backs,  
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,  
Tis sport to maul a Runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* He halt after. *Exeunt*

*Alarum.* Enter *Anthony* againe in a March,  
*Scarrus*, with others.

*Ant.* We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one  
Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow  
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'll spill the blood  
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,  
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought  
Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had bene  
Each mans liue mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*.  
Enter the City, clip your Wines, your Friends,  
Tell them your feats, whilst they with ioyfull teares  
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse  
The Honour'd-gashes whole.

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Giue me thy hand,  
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,  
Make her thanke's blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,  
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attire and all  
Through prooffe of Harneffe to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of Lords,

Oh infinite Vertue, comen't thou smiling from  
The worlds great share vnaught.

*Ant.* Mine Nightingale,

We haue beate them to their Beds.

What Gyrls, though gray

Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet haue we  
A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can  
Get gale for gale of youth. Behold this man,

Commend vnto his Lippes thy saouring hand,

Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,

As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had

Destroyed in such a shape.

*Cleo.* He giue thee Friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

*Ant.* He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled

Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,

Through Alexandria make a iolly March,

Beare our backe Targets, like the men that owe them.

Had our great Pallace the capacity

To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,

And drinke Carowfes to the next dayes Fate

Which

## Anthony and Cleopatra

Which promises Royall perill, Trumpeters  
With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,  
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,  
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, *Enobarbus* followes.

*Cent.* If we be not releeu'd within this houre,  
We must returne to'th' Court of Guard: the night  
Is thiny, and they say, we shall embattaile  
By'th' second houre i'th' Morne.

*Watch.* This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

*Enob.* Oh beare me witnesse night.

*Cent.* What man is this?

*Enob.* Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)

When men reuolted shall vpon Record  
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did  
Before thy face repent.

*Cent.* *Enobarbus*?

*Enob.* Peace: Heake further.

*Enob.* Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,  
The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,  
That Life, a very Rebelle to my will,

May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,  
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,  
And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,

Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,  
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,  
But let the world ranke me in Register  
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:

Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

*Cent.* Let's speake to him.

*Cent.* Let's heare him, for the things he speakes

May concerne *Cesar*.

*Cent.* Let's do so, but he sleepes.

*Cent.* Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his  
Was neuer yet for sleepe.

*Cent.* Go we to him.

*Cent.* Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

*Cent.* Heare you sir?

*Cent.* The hand of death hath raught him.

*Drummes afarre off.*

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:  
Let vs beare him to'th' Court of Guard: he is of note:  
Our houre is fully out. *Exeunt*

*Cent.* Come on then, he may recouer yet.

Enter *Anthony* and *Scarrus*, with their Army.

*Ant.* Their preparation is to day by Sea,  
We please them not by Land.

*Scar.* For both, my Lord.

*Ant.* I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or i'th' Ayte,  
Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote

Vpon the hilles adioyning to the City

Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,

They haue put forth the Hauen:

Where their appointment we may best discover,

And looke on their endeavour. *Exeunt*

Enter *Cesar*, and his Army.

*Ces.* But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,  
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force  
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,